The Liberalist

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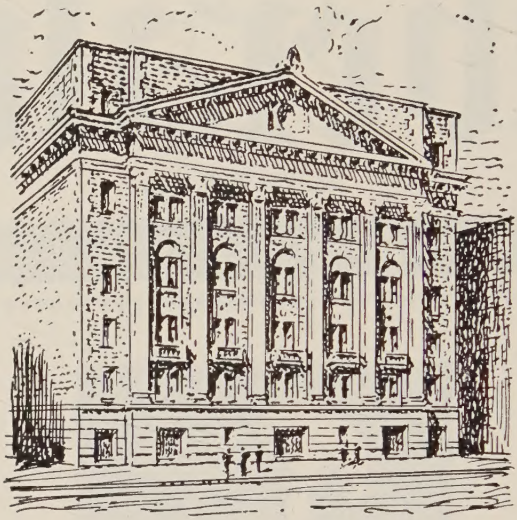
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

WE THANK THEE

Not for our lands, our wide-flung prairie wealth,
Our mighty rivers born of friendly spring,
Our inland seas, our mountains proud and high,
Forests and orchards richly blossoming;
Not for these, Lord, our deepest thanks are said
As, humbly glad, we hail this day serene;
Not for these most, dear Father of our lives,
But for the love that in all things is seen.

We thank Thee, Lord, on this recurring day,
For liberty to worship as we will;
We thank Thee for the hero souls of old
Who dared wild seas their mission to fulfill.
O, gird our hearts with stalwart faith in good,
Give us new trust in Thy providing hand,
And may a spirit born of brotherhood
Inspire our hearts and bless our native land.

—Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday, 17th September

I WONDER why it is that after fifty years of preaching in our pulpit I always have a nervous feeling about the service. Today was no exception. We held the opening service for my 50th Year at 11 o'clock this morning. I was awake early. My first concern was the weather. The majority of the people who attend our church drive to the service and some of them from a considerable distance. The weather today was ideal, for which I was grateful. At the time of the first sermon I ever preached in the church, on the 7th of July, 1912, it was pouring rain, and through the years, at many of our opening services, it has been inclement weather.

I tuned in my bedside radio this morning early and listened to a wide variety of religious services, most of which were the conventional "cut and dried" presentations of orthodox religion. I hope one of these days to get around to writing a book which has been in my mind for a long time, and which I am going to call "Religion and Radio." I am convinced that most religious broadcasters, even though they represent the major religious denominations, could use this great medium of communication much more effectively than they do. As June and I went to church this morning, I was a victim of what is frequently described as "butterflies in the stomach," and the last fifteen minutes before the processional started I was in a turmoil.

I never give an address or a lecture away from our pulpit but what I have a deep feeling of nervousness. One would think, after all these years it would completely disappear. As I stood at the vestry door, waiting for the first note of the choir, I breathed a little prayer that we would have an inspiring service. Thirty seconds before the church goes on the air, our radio engineer, who is located in the vestry, gives me a signal. I, in turn, signal Mrs. Bennett at the organ, and she and the processional immediately begin. I go into the pulpit as the choir and congregation then sing the introit.

It was a beautiful service. Tonight, as I write these words, and just before I retire, my heart is filled with gratitude to the members and friends of our church and radio audience. I chose for my opening subject "In Deep Waters." The music was inspiring and the whole spirit of the service was as fine as I have ever known it to be. When I think of the years I have been preaching in one pulpit, and lecturing several times a week, I am certain I should worry about something which they call in TV "over-exposure." Sunday after Sunday and night after night I am facing people. Nearly 1400 people were present this morning and I enter the year ahead with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. Our church has a distinct place in the life of the people of the City of Chicago. It is a church with a civic circumference and not merely a parish. In the congregation this morning were people from other states, from all over the city and from the whole suburbian area, from Milwaukee to Gary and west to Elgin. I stood for more than an hour after the service this morning and greeted people who came up to speak to me. My hope and prayer is that the spirit of this day will continue all through this anniversary year.

Monday, 18th September

The whole world is shocked tonight with the certainty that Dag Hammarskjold is dead. For hours the plane has been reported missing, and now we know he is gone. His death will bring the greatest challenge to the survival of the United Nations of anything that has happened since the organization was founded.

I was present as an Advisor in the first session of the United Nations Charter Convention in the Opera House in San Francisco, in April, 1945. As time went on, until the adoption of the charter, I felt it was the one hope for the building of a peaceful world. There were only 41 nations represented there and now it has grown to 100, with ever-increasing complications. It is too early for anyone to be dogmatic about its future.

Dag Hammarskjold was one of the greatest men of this generation, and I am sure his death will affect deeply the future of our country and the world. New problems will arise immediately and probably the controversy over his successor will shake the United Nations from top to bottom. We must wait and see what happens. Men of such quiet strength and depth of character, together with courage, are far too rare in the international scene. Surely if there ever was a time for greatness on the part of nations and leaders who believe in the dignity of man, that time is now.

Tuesday, 19th September

For many years I have been speaking once or twice a year to the Borrowed Time Club of Evanston, Illinois. The first time I spoke to them I couldn't qualify as a member, but I am now a regular member of the club. Their meetings are held in the Covenant Methodist Church. This afternoon I spoke to an audience which completely filled the auditorium, and what an inspiring audience it was. I didn't spend any time nor any words in talking about age—not even about growing old youthfully. Age is not a matter of time anyway, and the members of this club are as alert-minded and as interested in tomorrow as any group I have ever spoken to. The same approach which I make to high school and college students I made with them today. I sometimes think that people who speak to special groups emphasize the group, to the exclusion of what might help them. The only reference I made to age was when, after a most gracious introduction, I simply said: "Fellow members and guests." I think a great many people in the borrowed-time age group would find their age much more livable if they would seek out Senior Citizens' groups and Borrowed-Time groups and become a part of them. I prize my membership in the Evanston Borrowed Time Club and the friendships I have made there through the years become increasingly inspiring.

Wednesday, 20th September

Today the Woman's Club of the church held their opening Fall luncheon in the Edgewater Beach Golf Clubhouse and had the largest attendance the club has had at an opening luncheon in years. I gave the address as I always do at the opening luncheon and never in a more friendly, encouraging environment. The room was appropriately decorated and the luncheon was an epicurean's delight.

Our Woman's Club is not the usual Ladies Aid Society which many churches have, but is much more expansive in its educational and cultural activities. The programs they are going to present this year I noticed are

unusually fine. Mrs. Harry D. Stone is again serving as President and, with her able staff of officers and committee chairmen, the club will have a fine year.

Thursday, 21st September

I have been a part of the Friends of Literature of this city ever since its organization, and that is more than thirty years ago. This organization, under the able leadership of Mrs. Hazel R. Ferguson, has become one of the most influential in the field of literature in our city. It observes annually, with a dinner, the birth of Shakespeare, and is one of the most largely attended affairs of its kind in the city. Tonight I spoke before the organization in the Art Institute and if the interest and enthusiasm of this evening is any criterion, the Friends of Literature will have their finest and best year. There is always a distinguished list of writers, authors and columnists who are guests of the organization. Tonight was no exception. Mr. William Leonard, who does the interesting page in the Magazine of the Chicago Sunday Tribune was present and spoke briefly. I never miss reading his page. I do not know anything quite like it in this country. It is refreshing, when one meets personally one he has long admired as a writer, to find that his personality harmonizes with his writing. Sometimes one regrets ever meeting personally one whose writings have been impressive. I shall enjoy his page all the more because of meeting him.

Also present were Dr. and Mrs. John Reich. Dr. Reich is making history in the City of Chicago as Director of the Goodman School of the Art Institute and the remarkable plays which he presents during the season at the Goodman Theatre. Dr. Reich has a continental background and has an international reputation in the theatre. The character of the Goodman Theatre has been completely changed during his administration. For years it was in almost total eclipse. Dr. Reich possesses a most creative imagination and an understanding of the principles of the theatre which few men have. His charming wife is also of the theatre. They drove June and me home tonight. Their friendship has become very dear to us and the cultural life of Chicago is fortunate in having them among us.

Friday, 22nd September

Drove up to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, tonight and spoke to the Midwest Region of Boys Club Directors, held in the old Harris Mansion. Mr. Harris gave the beautiful home to the Boys Club of America. Our own Uptown McCormick Boys Club is a part of this organization. They had gathered from several mid-western states for the training course. I have never addressed a group engaged in Boy's Club work which was more enthusiastic than this group tonight. A severe electrical rainstorm took place early in the evening and lasted until we arrived home at nearly midnight, but the response of the group and their leaders will linger long with me.

Sunday, 24th September

My second Sunday of the church year and a cold, rainy morning—quite a contrast to last Sunday's weather, yet we had an excellent congregation and I enjoyed speaking on "Walls and Bridges." I am going to expand this theme for it has great possibilities. Khrushchev has reversed the whole historical reason for walls. Most walls are built to keep people out. He is building walls to keep people in. I had what the old preachers of my youth

used to call "great freedom in preaching." I enjoyed every moment of the service.

Tonight the Forum of Greater Bethesda Baptist Church here in Chicago opened its season. For years I have given the opening address and tonight was the night. I spoke on the world crisis to as intelligent a group of people and interested people as one would ever ask for. There were very few white people in the congregation which numbered hundreds of Negroes. The President of the Forum, Mr. Lester Brown, who has introduced me on several occasions, did so tonight in a splendid introduction which paved the way for me. The distinguished and eloquent pastor of the church, Dr. Alexander James, also gave me a warm welcome. The great work being done by this influential church should be duplicated in many areas by our Negro congregations. One of the menaces is the so-called "store-front church" which appeals to the superstitions and fears of the Negro people. The church has a responsibility in the area of education quite as much as in some theological emphasis. I always enjoy speaking to Negro audiences and never more so than I did tonight.

Monday, 25th September

I was interviewed all morning by Mrs. Sarah Boyden, editorial feature write for the Chicago Sun-Times. The paper called me and said they were sending out Mrs. Boyden to interview me for the purpose of publishing an article in their magazine about me and the church. When it will appear I do not know, but was told it might be in the next three or four weeks. I thoroughly enjoyed the interview, not because it was built around me, but because we got into an exchange of opinions on a wide variety of contemporary events. I enjoy meeting reporters and interviewers, because I always learn something and it is refreshing and encouraging to get various points of view. That is why, when I ride in a taxi I usually discuss international and local affairs with the driver; or, at every opportunity with the newsman on the corner, or the clerk in the store.

Tuesday, 26th September

All the organizations in the church are getting under way, and tonight the Men's Club of the church had its opening meeting. Only the men of the church and the club were invited and again, it was a most auspicious opening for the season. I am only an amateur photographer, but I never travel without a camera and I am always on the lookout for something unusual or beautiful which would make a good slide. I made several pictures this past summer in Europe and tonight I confined my talk to "The Ireland I Love," and showed more than a hundred of my slides taken in Ireland. The response was again most encouraging and the club had one of its largest opening audiences in years. The Men's Club has planned some very interesting and unusual programs for their season. They merit the support and interest of every man in the church and radio congregation.

Wednesday, 27th September

June and I were invited tonight to attend the Chicago Dinner and Reception to his excellency, Dr. Don Manuel Prado, President of the Republic of Peru and Señora Prado. The dinner was held in the V.I.P. Room at McCormick Place. Only 300 people were invited to the dinner and we felt highly honored to be among them. Dr. Prado, as President of Peru, stands out courageously as opposed to Communism and

his voice is heard throughout all of South and Central America as opposed to the infiltration of Communism to the Western Hemisphere. He made a brilliant address, and while his English was somewhat faltering and difficult, he spoke slowly and one was able to get his thought. His wife is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen: stately, with dark hair, penetrating black eyes and a complexion characteristic of women of Spanish background. It was encouraging to know that there are men of Dr. Prado's position, who are seeing clearly the seriousness of the South American situation. This is the second President from our neighbors of the Western Hemisphere that I have had the opportunity of meeting; the other being Dr. Mateos, the President of the Republic of Mexico.

Friday, 29th September

Tonight we held our opening Board Meeting for the Board of Trustees of the church. The entire membership of the Board was present. The summer reports of the church were given by the Secretary and Treasurer and discussed by the Board. Plans were discussed for the 50th Anniversary year. There were two vacancies on our Board, both left by men whose places it will be difficult to fill. The Board had never filled the vacancy left by the invaluable Mr. Russell Young and now the vacancy recently caused by the passing of our loved and ardent friend and worker, Mr. Roy H. Monson. The Board is sending a Memorial to Mrs. Young and Mrs. Monson.

Tonight the Board elected Mr. Leonard Hicks, Vice President and Managing Director of the Pick-Congress Hotel, and Director of Public Relations of the Pick Hotels Corporation; and Mr. Erwin A. Wendell, Advertising Manager of Link-Belt Company. Both of these men have long been devoted friends and workers in the church and will bring their vast experience in business matters to the problems of our church.

I feel greatly encouraged tonight at the evidence of continuing interest on the part of every member of the official family of the church. This is to be probably the most important year in my life and perhaps in the life of the church. Let us all work together to make it so.

Monday, 2nd October

A new month is before us, and next month is Thanksgiving and then—Christmas! Then comes the New Year. It hardly seems possible, time can pass so quickly and there is so much to do. In the Study today Miss Smalley and I spent part of the time in planning our Thanksgiving service and the holiday program. We have to plan church affairs and activities a long time ahead. Careful preparation is essential and sometimes the success of an event is entirely dependent upon the kind of work and time spent in preparation.

Tuesday, 3rd October

Had a most unusual afternoon speaking at the Woman's Club of the Bryn Mawr Community Church on the South Side. The church is one of the most important of our city churches. I have known its ministers for many years and during the ministries of Dr. Boynton, Dr. Vogler, and Dr. Jenny I have spoken frequently in the church. The present minister I met today for the first time, Dr. Ray Carlton Jones. He gave me a most hearty welcome and I am sure the church will have a growing time under his leadership.

The Woman's Club of his church is

like the woman's organizations in most churches—an effective and important organization. I listened for a few minutes before I spoke, as various chairmen reported on their activities and announced future events. I thought any pastor would be encouraged to have such a group of women working with him. They compare favorably with the Woman's Club of our own church. Our Woman's Club has always been one of the most energetic and effective organizations in the church, and the women of our Professional and Business Woman's Club have the same quality. It was the Woman's Club of our church that in 1914 gave me my first trip to Europe. I went to Europe that year, stayed nearly three months, and did it all for about $300. This will give those of you who have traveled recently some idea of the difference in costs. I sailed on a fine one-class ship, the "Saturnia," from Montreal to Glasgow, and returned on the sister ship, the "Letitia" and visited six countries! In the light of modern fares and the expense of traveling this seems impossible, but American dollars in those days were worth one hundred cents and the English pound was worth nearly five dollars.

Friday, 6th October

Spoke tonight in the Masonic Auditorium in Davenport, Iowa, before a group of the Izaak Walton League of America and conservationists of the area. One of my most enjoyable extra-curricular activities is in the field of conservation and the affair tonight evidence the widespread interest which the people of Iowa have in conservation. After the lecture and my return to the Blackhawk Hotel I was delighted to find waiting for me in the lobby, Mr. and Mrs. Flavel G. Port, of Wilton Junction, Iowa, long-time members of our church and constant radio listeners. Some years ago I visited their lovely farm, and they drove in tonight to see me. We didn't have too much time together but it was a joy to renew our friendship. Although Mr. and Mrs. Port live in Iowa, they maintain two seats in our church. They are planning to attend our 50th Anniversary dinner and our 50th Anniversary Sunday service. It is friendships like this which bring a deep-seated feeling of compensation for the work of the years.

KEEP LOOKING UP!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES OPEN

SUNDAY, NOV. 5, 1961—7:00 P.M.

COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

THURSDAY, NOV. 23, 11 A.M.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16th—Noon until midnight!

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17th—Noon until midnight!

PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR

FIFTIETH YEAR

DINNERS SERVED BOTH EVENINGS, at 6:30 p.m.

Adults $2.00 (Children under 12, $1.50)

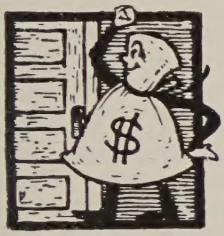
Broiled chicken on Thursday. Fish on Friday and ham for those who do not eat fish.

(Fish to be specially cooked by an employe of Schott & Son, Caterer's, 5247 N. Clark St.)

Wonderful items for someone to win:

Zenith TV	**Gorgeous doll and exceptional wardrobe**
Webcor Hi-Fi	**made by the famous Mrs. Donald A.**
Bicycle	**Raymond, of Evanston**
Vibrator Lounge Chair	**Singer Electric Portable Sewing Machine**
Money Tree	**Olson Rug**
Turkey	**Dormeyer electric products**

Many other valuable items



"I'm going to 941 Lawrence to do my Christmas shopping early."

MRS. HARRY D. STONE, Gen. Chmn. of the Bazaar would appreciate your donating aprons, towels, pillow cases, fancy goods and food products for the booths.

"We're going to shop!"

"I'm going to the Bazaar to help them Sell things.

"I'm going to the Bazaar to have some fun and have dinner with my friends.

Bring Your Donation to the Church Office or get in touch with
Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912

Your friend and Pastor,
Preston Bradley.

"WHAT'S NEW?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

October 1, 1961

TWO old friends who meet after having been apart for a long time, usually begin the conversation with "Well, what's new?" I thought that might be an interesting subject for a sermon some Sunday morning and I did quite a little research on it. It proved quite interesting and here are some of the things that I found out. Each of these statements I am about to make is authenticated. We think a lot of things are new:

Perhaps you're worried about inflation. Most people in the financial world, I guess, talk about inflation a great deal and worry about what their dollar's going to be worth. Are you worried about inflation? In Egypt the depression of Three Hundred and Thirty-Three A.D. (three hundred and thirty-three years after Christ) debased money so that a five hundred dollar home required a million dollar mortgage, and wheat cost two thousand, five hundred dollars a bushel! I should say that was a little inflation!

Bureaucracy was old stuff to the Greeks. Regimentation was a pet of Emperor Augustus, King of Babylon, and he established business codes four thousand years ago!

And interestingly enough I discovered that Plutarch, who wrote about those great lives, he wrote one whole article about halitosis! There's nothing new about that then.

Tiberius (now you financiers and bankers please note) loaned the banks of Rome five million dollars two thousand years ago to save bankruptcy. That's two thousand years ago, so there's nothing particularly new about that!

Cleopatra, the queen, and Aspasia (the girl friend of Pericles, and some of you in your Grecian history will remember that) well they painted their fingernails red, used lipstick, powder and rouge two thousand, three hundred years ago! So there isn't much new about cosmetics.

Egyptian girls plucked their eyebrows; Hebrew girls bobbed their hair.

You may think shatter-proof glass is modern. Go back one thousand nine hundred years and you will find that about the year Thirty-four the Roman Emperor Tiberius was so astounded at the discovery of a process of a glass blower for making glass which was pliable as copper that he had the man beheaded lest gold become cheap as dirt! The unbreakable glass secret went to the grave with its victim and modern science has never been able to find out how he did it!

Two thousand six hundred years before Christ the Egyptians made artificial eyes out of ivory, pearl and feldspar!

And many a Babylon king had his paste gems buried with him. The Greek girls of twelve hundred years before the Birth of Christ wore imitation pearls made out of lime, magnesia and silica!

And near Delhi, in India, there stands today the Kutob column. Now just think of this: seventeen tons of iron upon which not a single speck of rust has collected for seventeen centuries! And the British Iron and Steel Institute a few years ago admitted no metal forged today could equal this ancient column, and they have never found a successful way to keep iron from rusting today!

The Indians of India made their own ice with clay, vaporization and radiation.

Nero invented the champagne cooler, and he even wore a monocle.

Egyptians framed their pictures with glass over them! Egyptians!

Mosquito nets are mentioned in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament.

Now listen to this portrayal: ladies' shoes, enamel finish, sulphur matches, preserved fish, tarnish-proof gilt, super-perfect glue, glazed brick, tin plating, all were used by the ancients!

And Hero of Alexandria had the first penny-in-the-slot machine, and that was at the time of Christ and was built for the sale and convenience of holy water.

Julius Caesar was kidnapped at the age of twenty-five (you think kidnapping is something new?) and held for forty thousand dollars ransom! That was Julius Caesar!

Emperor Nero used a one hundred and twenty foot elevator! That's quite an elevator!

The Greeks had movies on circular columns!

The girls knew more of the art of makeup two thousand years ago than they know today, and there might be some who would dispute that!

Well, these are just a few of the things that I discovered that we, in our modern contemporary world, think might be new, and which are almost as old as history! What has our contemporary civilization, against the background of authenticated history, really got to say? George Bernard Shaw, one of the most brilliant and scintillating minds that the English-speaking world ever knew, one time said: "The only thing we learn from history is that we don't learn anything from history!" The great Professor Arnold Toynbee tells us that nineteen civilizations have arisen and passed. There's a difference between an historian and a philosopher of history. Arnold Toynbee is not just a recorder of historical facts, but he relates these facts into a philosophy, and the most valuable interpreter of history is the philosophical interpreter of history, not the historian who just says "Columbus discovered America" and "The Constitution was adopted in Seventeen Hundred and Eighty-Seven"! Mere facts in themselves are of little importance. Now what is new, as we think of the world in which we're in, where we think so many things are new, and I could have gone on into the ancient Chinese civilization. There isn't any doubt but what the ancient Chinese civilization (which is one of the oldest in the world) had many achievements, and some historians intimate that they even knew aerial navigation! And when we think some of these things that we're so startled with in our modern world are new and, of course, many of them are new, what are we to deduce from the affirmations of history? What is the conclusion? I think it's a conclusion that most nations and most people are not thinking of at all! What is civilization? Television? Wireless communication? Going to the moon? All the things that we think of as civilization, is that civilization? Of course it isn't! That isn't civilization at all, because the record of history shows that any nation or any empire or any people who built upon the materialistic, mechanistic achievements of science and invention sooner or later perished! You historians give me the name of one nation or one people in the history of the world that based their achievements purely upon mechanistic and mechanical means and survived! Name me a nation! Out of the nineteen civilizations that Arnold Toynbee tells us have arisen and passed, out of the nineteen civilizations not one survived, not one, in their merely basic physical, materialistic achievements! Not one! The verdict of history is that men and nations never survive merely upon their materialistic prosperity! Never! They never have in all human history! Sooner or later there's always the day in which they fall! You can't tell me the name of a single banker of ancient Rome or ancient Greece! Not one! You can't tell me the name of a single materialistically-minded individual from the ancient civilizations! Not

one! But when I mention the name Socrates and Plato and Hippocrates and Antisthenes and a hundred others that have embellished art and literature and philosophy—they lived! The materialists of ancient Greece are vapor—you don't know their names! The mechanics, who had to deal only with the physical structure of a civilization—you don't know their names! They don't endure; they can't live! But those who have brought idealism, and those who have enhanced beauty, and those who have developed spiritual perception, those who have taught the dignity and the worth of the human personality—these survive! They are the things that answer the question "What's New?" because they are the things that survive and are eternal!

Therefore, what should be our main concern in an hour like this when we think civilization is a matter of speed and sound and all of the intricate mechanized machinery of modern society; when we think that is the eternal thing? Civilization isn't television, as remarkable as television is, but I'll tell you what I think civilization is: civilization is what you see on the television! That's another matter. Civilization isn't the remarkable fact that I can stand up here before this little instrument that says "WLS", this microphone, and by shortwave the boys from this church in Korea and Germany can hear me catch my breath before the person in the last seat in the balcony of this church can hear me! They can! That's what we've done to sound: we're travelling faster than sound! That isn't civilization! Civilization is what is that boy going to hear! Civilization is what is said through this microphone! Civilization is the spiritual reality of the endurance of these faculties, not merely the mechanical, physical achievement of them! How about the remarkable things which are being done in the moving picture industry. Well, a moving picture is a remarkable thing from a scientific point of view, but that isn't civilization. Civilization is what kind of a picture do you see; what kind of a picture is the world looking at, are your children viewing! That's what civilization is! It isn't merely the superficial evidence of some mechanistic or scientific progress. Not at all! Someone said to me the other day: "Oh, Doctor, won't it be wonderful when we can go to the moon!" What's wonderful about that? You can have it! I'm not going to the moon if I can go there in a plush seat in an air conditioned cabin! I shall never go to the moon! A lot of people think I should but I'm not going to please them! I'm never going to the moon! Never to the moon. Supposing we can go to the moon (and I think we will) it's 270 degrees Fahrenheit in the daytime and 280 degrees below zero at night, and a thousand feet of dust on it, and no oxygen! Well you can have it! I'm not interested in the moon, I was built for this earth! This is where I'm at home! I don't have to look like an animal caged and wear some kind of a uniform to go to the moon—I can be at home on the earth! I love this good earth! This is my home! This is where God meant me to be, and I'm perfectly satisfied! Civilization is "why go to the moon?" Not the fact you can go. And that's the great issue of human history today: if man can have a renaissance in the eternal values of truth and goodness, and truth and beauty, man will survive, for this is God's world, and it's fireproof!

Oh eternal heart of divine love, might each one of us in our minds and hearts have a new concept of the things which are eternal and endure! They are old; they are young; they are eternal—always!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

PRACTICALLY every traveler who goes from the United States to the other side of the Atlantic, of whatever faith or creed, always attempts to visit the great cathedrals and churches of the British Union. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and on the continent, Notre Dame in Paris, and Chartres, and all the others, but I have experienced no greater inspiration than when I sought out, partially hidden away in the traffic in the great city of Amsterdam, Holland, the Church of the Pilgrims. I shall never forget what it did to my heart and soul when I went into that church. It is a very small, brick church. The centuries have beaten against it. There were only one or two other people in the church as I walked into it and sat down in those pews and looked at that pulpit, as more than 300 years of human history unfolded before me.

I thought of that little band who had left England because they wanted to worship God according to the imperatives of their own conscience; and they were given asylum in Holland, as so many people have been given asylum throughout history, and in the tolerant city of Amsterdam; and there this little group built this church. There is none of the elaborate majesty that is associated with bigness in cathedrals; no stained glass windows nor architectural sublimity. It emanates simplicity and strength. Simplicity is always stronger then ostentatiousness, and you cannot sit in those pews in that Pilgrim Church without feeling that you are in the presence of the truly fundamental—a fundamental principle in the development of human freedom. I felt that I was having personal and intimate contact with the principle of freedom, of liberty and of worship. I could hear those prayers and those great sermons of the Reverend John Robinson, the Pilgrims' pastor, and I could sense the sincerity and depth of their spiritual perceptions. I could feel how they subordinated every other thing in life except the sacredness of the human personality.

Let us finish the building of life on the foundation of faith and love and truth and beauty and, together with God, build the Kingdom of God.

From "Today"

by ANGELA MORGAN

To be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder book
Whereon the leaning nations look.
When men speak strong, for brotherhood
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere,
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be.
Oh, thrilling age!
Oh, willing age!
When steel and stone and rail and rod
Become the utterance of God,
A trump to shout His thunder through,
Proclaiming all that men may do.

BOOK CHATS

PRENTICE-HALL have recently published *Since You Ask Me,* by Ann Landers. $3.50. The finest advice that I have read anywhere is given in this book by one who is the nation's most widely syndicated advice columnist, read by more than 20,000,000 people. She gives down-to-earth, interesting counsel on everyday problems of love, home, marriage and parenthood. I read her column almost daily, because of her wise answers to people in trouble or who have problems they are at a loss to solve. The letters she receives cover just about every phase of living—how to handle mooching relatives, lecherous bosses, free-loading fiancés, noisy neighbors, jealous husbands, catty girlfriends, etc., etc., etc. Letters come from harassed housewives, bewildered bridegrooms, truck drivers and schoolteachers. Her quest for the right answer sends her searching the fields of medicine, psychiatry, law, religion, business, politics and education. Here are some of the chapter titles: May I tell you about my operation?—Whistles and thistles—How to pick a winner—How important is sex in marriage—How to stay married—Must we outlaw the in-law?—Marriage is not for everyone—A life in your hands—Father—or cash register—The war between the siblings—Double trouble—How well do you know your teenager?—Teen-agers and sex—The battle of the bottle—Be bigger than what happens to you—Age—it's only a number, Baby!—Are you for real?

Wilbur C. Munnecke, Vice President and General Manager of the Chicago Sun-Times and the Chicago Daily News, has written about Ann Landers in a foreward to the book. It is a very fine evaluation of a character. I quote from Mr. Munnecke:

"*Since You Ask Me* is not only by Ann Landers, it is Ann Landers herself, in fact, and in every sense. And as Ann Landers, it is Esther Pauline Lederer. And as Esther Pauline Led-

erer, it is Eppie. For Eppie wrote every word of it and Eppie believes every word of it. It is a good book because each of us will see himself reflected in some part of it; because some of us will see ourselves reflected in a considerable part of it; and, further, because all of us will see examples of others who have done more or who have endured more than we can conceive possible.

"That the Ann Landers column has been a phenomenal newspaper success is beyond doubt. But the true measure of Eppie is that she has grown along with her column. In helping countless readers, she has developed her own knowledge and understanding of the behavior and motivations of all of us, whoever we are and wherever we may be.

"For these and for a multitude of other reasons, Eppie has the deep affection and great respect of each of her associates."

In private life the author is Mrs. Jules Lederer, wife of a Chicago business executive and mother of a daughter, Margo. Six years ago she took over the responsibilities of the Ann Landers column for the Chicago Sun-Times and today is the nation's top human relations columnist. Her column appears in 450 newspapers.

* * *

Saturn Over the Water: J. B. Priestley, Doubleday & Co. $4.50. When J. B. Priestley says this of a book he has written:

"Writing *Saturn Over the Water* was a piece of sheer self-indulgence. I decided to write the kind of story I love to read but that nobody writes for me. I sat down every day determined to enjoy myself if nobody else enjoyed what I did. I enjoyed the sheer narrative part of it. I enjoyed the parable part of it, and I enjoyed making use, however briefly, of a number of out-of-the-way places I happen to have visited."

As I started to say, when J. B. Priestly says this of a book he has written, you may well know you are going to find it an intensely interesting book, to say the very least. So I read it and was fascinated by it.

Mr. Priestley has an international reputation as a distinguished novelist, essayist and playwright. Sixteen novels, twenty-four plays, and thirty-four books of essays and non-fiction have been written by Mr. Priestley. Among others, his novels *The Good Companions, Angel Pavement,* and *Festival,* are well-known in America. His plays *Dangerous Corner* and *An Inspector Calls* have become "classics" in stock companies and repertory theatres here.

Mr. Priestly keeps a flat in Albany, London, and a charming Georgian home, Kissing Tree House, near Stratford-on-Avon. He is married to the archaeologist and writer Jacquetta Hawkes.

The story is up-to-date in every sense of the word. It takes one to far-off places, introduces characters you may rarely have an opportunity to meet, yet you recognize their counterparts in the world of today. One understands how a sincere, devoted scientist or other highly intelligent character may become enmeshed innocently with some gigantic master-minded enterprise or undertaking. The swiftly moving action, changing scenes and myriad characters introduced hold you to its pages. Being imaginative and a philosopher, the book carried me out into realms of thinking that were world-wide, which of course adds to the fascination of the story.

I can tell you no more than the jacket does or I might spoil your de-

light or concern over some of the many surprises.

"A fast-moving novel of action in the classic tradition. It is told in the first person by a young English painter; it begins with inquiries about a missing husband and ends with the discovery of a fantastic world conspiracy; it starts in Cambridge and finishes in the mountains of Queensland, Australia, arriving there by way of New York, the desert coast of Peru, and the volcanic country of southern Chile.

"Although the tale moves fast there is time for it to be enlivened and enriched by J. B. Priestley's humor and superb sense of character, place and atmosphere."

It's an absorbing story of danger, determination and romance by one of England's greatest novelists.

If these clues scribbled on the bottom of a letter intrigue you, as they did me, then if you cannot afford to buy the book, go right down to the Chicago Public Library and put your name on the list of those who want to get it from the rental library. It was published late in July, so if you hurry your name may not be too far down on the list. The clues: General Giddings—V. Melnikov—von Emerick—Steglitz—Merlin Smith—Old Astrologer on the Mountain—Osparas and Emerald L.—Charoke, Vic.?—Blue Mtns.?—high back Brisbane? Semple, Rother, Barsac? figure 8 above wavy 1—Why Sat.?

From here on, it's all yours. Take it away!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE week of November 1 to 7 is American Art Week, in which tribute is paid to artists and art. This has been an annual public event since 1931 in the United States, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Armed forces of our country throughout the world. Governor Kerner has issued a proclamation for Illinois to officially join others in the National Observance, and a concentrated effort is under way to earn the coveted Pressbook Award for Illinois.

Mrs. Frank Franz Gross, of 5509 Winthrop Avenue, is Director for Illinois, and flyers are available through her, giving information about community observances. She tells me that schools, libraries, museums and other public and private groups are planning special exhibits, forums and illustrated lectures, and Illinois communities are urged to lend their strength by displaying their cultural achievements in art fairs, crafts and needlework exhibits and festivals honoring local artists.

Perhaps the Peoples Church Exhibit which comes always in April of each year should be rearranged to occur in November, although it may be well to spread our celebrations of art throughout the year.

The Sunday Arts Group, represent-

ing all the arts, held their Literature meeting on Sunday, October 22nd, at 3:30 in the afternoon, in Anderson Hall of the church, and celebrated not only Literature, but painting, architecture and sculpture at one and the same time, as the writer reviewed for them Irving Stone's great life of Michelangelo, *The Agony and the Ecstasy,* which we reviewed in the April issue of *The Liberalist.* On display at the meeting were my interesting and beautiful collection of Seminars in Art, both the first series and the second, or Great Periods in Painting, with many color prints of famous paintings throughout the centuries, published by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Our readers who live in the vicinity of the Toman Branch of the Chicago Public Library, 4005 W. 27th Street, may have heard Dr. Bradley give a great review of *The Agony and the Ecstasy* on Thursday evening, October 12th. Of course our Chicago Public Library, on whose Board Dr. Bradley has served for thirty years, is always celebrating all the arts through its literature.

I understand there will be some paintings to be taken home from our Bazaar on November 16th and 17th, as prizes of the evening. There are always also some examples of fine needlework at the Bazaar, so we really did a little celebrating of our own in advance of National Art Week. A painting of Mr. Erwin W. Hobby's, of Joliet, was on display and is being offered for sale by the Sunday Arts Group.

What a happy note it added to the occasion of the inauguration of President Kennedy, when we found out that outside the realm of any political connections or atmosphere, he and Mrs. Kennedy are genuinely interested in the Arts. Commercialism must ever be with us, but let us do all we can to add to our culture, idealism and beauty as well. Artisans and artists, we are all needed in our special place in this world:

The Man Who Made Things

(There was a poet who drew a picture of Antonio Stradivari, the maker of the Stradivarius violins, the most famous violins in the world. He did not play them; he only made them, but this is what the poem has him say:)

When any master holds 'twixt hand and chin
A violin of mine, he will be glad
Antonio lived, made violins and made
Them best of all. God gives them music,
I give them violins to play upon.
If my hand slacked I should rob God, leaving
A blank, instead of violins. God could not
Make Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

* * *

From Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, comes this letter from the Executive Director of the Boys' Club of Sioux Falls, Inc.:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wish you to know that I have never enjoyed an address as I did yours at our Junior Conference this last week-end. It was dynamic and was a definite inspiration to our two junior leaders.

If more adults had the interest and the understanding of youth that you have, and the desire to create a better world, we would not have the problems which we have today.

Our junior leaders look up to you as a leader whom they can aspire to model their lives after.

Sincerely,

Daniel A'Ossey.

The address to which Mr. A'Ossey refers was given to the Midwest Region Boys Clubs Junior Leader Institute for training leaders, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

Mr. Fred Lickerman, Director of the Robert R. McCormick Chicago Boys Clubs, had this to say of the same occasion:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wish to take this opportunity to sincerely thank you for the wonderful keynote address that you gave at our recent Junior Leader Institute.

In my eleven years in boys' work, this was the only time I have ever seen teen-age boys give a speaker a standing ovation. This action speaks louder than any words.

Our deepest appreciation for your fine contribution. We are deeply honored in having you as an honorary member of our Board of Managers.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Fred.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It is indeed a pleasure for me, in my function as President of Temple Ezra, to thank you and your congregation for again having permitted us to use your facilities for our High Holidays Services this year.

My thoughts go back some 12 years ago, when I had the privilege to greet you in our old building on Aldine Avenue, then also as President of Temple Ezra and you as our guest speaker.

My memory goes even further back, shortly after I had left Germany during the year 1937/38 when you raised your voice in public against Hitlerism and warned of its danger.

During your 50th Anniversary year our heartiest congratulations, which our Rabbi Ira Sud has already expressed. We hope to have again the honor of having you as one of our speakers, possibly in connection with our contemplated Adult Education Program of comparative religions.

May God bless you with good health, so that you may continue your progressive work for humanity.

Respectfully yours,

Frank S. Steinitz, M.D.

* * *

From U. O. Colson Company:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I listened to you on the radio Sunday morning. In your remarks you mentioned the fact that you had been broadcasting for 38 years. Subtracting this number from 1961 we arrive at the year 1923 and that is the year in which we bought our first radio, and the first program we heard on Sunday morning was your sermon.

It so impressed Mrs. Colson and myself that I wrote you a letter, and if you will remember, during those early days, you used to read from the pulpit several letters which you had received during the past week. The following Sunday you read my letter to you, and Mrs. Colson and myself were seated in your congregation and met you personally after the service.

We have followed your sermons on radio since that time and have influenced others to do so, because never have I heard one of your messages which was not worth while. More power to you! I now only wish that there were more Dr. Bradleys.

Sincerely yours,

U. Rae Colson.

* * *

Here is a letter from a dentist at Sheboygan, Wisconsin:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

A brief notice in Monday's Tribune told that this marks your 50th year

in the ministry of the Peoples Church of Chicago. A half century is, indeed, a long time to have been in the service of the Lord. Any congratulations which come to you at this time we are sure are far more than mere felicitations; for a half century of service in a single work in anyone's life truly represents the passing of an era and the beginning of a new age. To have been the pastor of a great church for this length of time must as well bring to you a heartfelt appreciation that cannot even be told in words, but which is readily seen in the enlightened faces of a true and grateful membership.

Recalling our own special privilege in knowing and hearing you, it was first as a pioneer radio minister, and I believe this could be about forty years ago, am I right? Then in person, in the several appearances over the years in Wisconsin and Sheboygan and where, incidentally, you still have friends and followers by the score, all most grateful to you, their fellow spokesman in the true ideals you helped set for them in love of nature and conservation.

Respectfully yours,
A. H. Finke, D.D.S.

* * *

From the Chambers of Judge Marovitz, of the Superior Court:

My dear, dear Dr. Bradley:

Fifty years of dedicated service to a religious community is certainly an exceptionally rare privilege. You have been among the few fortunate ones who can boast of a record of that nature. What makes your half century of service of such great moment to me is that your contribution has not been limited to your own religious group. Your activities, interest, help and encouragement have been to all humanity. While the cliche "without regard to race, color or creed" is so often used and so frequently abused, it can be truthfully said of you,—you are one of the few who has practiced what you preach.

I quoted your poem on the different religions at a dinner in honor of Sidney Yates last Sunday night and told the audience I had been using it for years and only learned a couple of years ago when I introduced you by reading the poem and saying it was applicable to you, that you had authored it. And now I have another . . . the exact words of which I may not remember, but it goes something like this: (and there is a strong possibility that you wrote this too)

"For each year of service given, the angels write above
A shining page of grateful hearts to whom you brought God's love.
May He continue through the years to guide and bless you too,
And give to you so much of the joy that others find through you."

These are my sentiments though much better expressed than I could do.

May I express the fervent hope and prayer that the God of us all will give you many, many more useful years, so that you can continue to enrich the lives of so many of us who are privileged to call you friend.

With very best wishes to you and Mrs. Bradley.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
Your friend,
Abe Marovitz.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The postman has delivered to me a personal marked copy of the June issue of "The Liberalist," for which I thank you. I have read this publication with much interest, and of course it was pleasing to see that our Mr. William Berglund is serving on your Board of Trustees.

I note from your report covering your 49th Annual Dinner Meeting that you never have missed one of these meetings. That is indeed quite a record, and I congratulate you on it. You are doing a great work, and I know it must be tremendously rewarding, particularly when every organization in your church continues to accomplish greater and greater things as indicated by their reports at your last annual meeting.

Kindest regards and best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

W. A. Johnston.

(Mr. Johnston is President and Chairman, Executive Committee of the Illinois Central Railroad.)

* * *

Here are two letters which will touch a nostalgic chord with so many of our members, for the writer of it, a dearly loved friend of Dr. Bradley's and of the church, passed on while Dr. Bradley was in Europe. Each year he wrote such an appreciative letter to Dr. Bradley. One was written last November at Thanksgiving time:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

This is the time of the year when we look back and reflect on some of the things that have happened to us in the past, and expresss our thanks.

I know you are aware of the fact that I am deeply grateful to you for your interest in myself and my family for so many years. I have been sitting here in my office reflecting on what my life would have been if I hadn't known you. I thank God every day for your friendship and for the many nice things that have happened to us because you helped me find a better life than I had been living some years ago.

I extend the best wishes of myself and family to you and June for a very happy and contented Thanksgiving Day.

Yours sincerely

Roy (Roy H. Monson)

Then in May, 1961, Mr. Monson wrote this interesting letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

In your sermon last Sunday you mentioned having been the preacher in a Presbyterian Church at 3516 Sheffield Avenue. From time to time during recent years I have tried to explain to other people that you were the preacher of this church when I heard you the first time and everyone I mentioned it to seemed to doubt it or disbelieve me.

I don't suppose you recall speaking at a Christmas party at an Odd Fellows Lodge at the Viking Temple at School and Sheffield, about 1911 or 1912. The party was given under the auspices of the Deering Lodge of the Odd Fellows. I even remember your introductory remarks at which time you stated that you had spoken recently in the Joliet Penetentiary, and being a young preacher, full of enthusiasm, you greeted your audience out there with the usual remark — "I am very happy to see so many of you here this evening." This, of course, made a big hit with the people at the Christmas party, and I am dropping you this note to see if your memory is as good as mine. I was twelve years old at that time.

Sincerely yours,

Roy

In July Mr. Roy Monson ate dinner in perfectly good spirits and health apparently, went out in the garden to sit in the swing with his wife, Ruth, and collapsed and passed on immediately. It was a terrible shock to all who knew him. He left a wife and two lovely daughters, both of whom are married.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have long heard that great minds run in the same channels. I simply did not know that I qualified.

I was in Europe for twenty-five days this summer. I spoke at the Tenth World Methodist Conference in Oslo. But I also visited Stockholm, Copenhagen, London and toured East Berlin as well as West.

Having seen the grim wall in the midst of Berlin and the forty-eight bridges which connect the fourteen islands on which Stockholm is built—on Sunday, September 17th, the subject of my message was "Of Walls and Bridges." Now I observe in the metropolitan press that on Sunday, September 24th, the subject of your message was "Walls and Bridges."

I am delighted to discover that I have arrived in such illustrious company. Kindest personal regards.

Very sincerely,

Arch.

(The above letter is from Mr. Archibald James Carey, Jr., who is both a lawyer, at 188 W. Randolph Street, and a preacher, the minister of Quinn A. M. E. Chapel, at 2401 S. Wabash Avenue.

* * *

We have just discovered two of the more personal telegrams, the first from Dr. William Clyde Donald II, of Bethel Church, Detroit, Michigan:

"Love, congratulations and best wishes to you, beloved friend and pastor, and to the congregation of Peoples Church on this opening Sunday of your Golden Anniversary Year. (Signed) Bill."

And from Linden, Michigan, from Dr. Bradley's sister, Mrs. Russell V. Judson:

"Dear Brother: From the house in which we were born and as one who heard you preach your first sermon, I am sending love and congratulations for your long ministry. Deeply regret being unable to be present in the church but the village and I will be listening. God bless you and the church we love, too. Beulah M. Judson."

* * *

Our Dear Member and Friend:

It was a great pleasure to every member of our club who was present at our weekly meeting yesterday, to have you with us. We are so proud to be able to say that Dr. Preston Bradley is a member of our club.

All of us wanted to shake your hand and tell you how very much we enjoyed your inspiring, wonderful talk to us. However, we know it must have thrown you late for your hospital calls. We hope you will forgive us for that, but our members would not be satisfied without this pleasure.

Your friends,
Borrowed Time Club of Evanston,
W. Elmer White, President.

* * *

On a letterhead of the Central Area Committee (for strengthening and improving the Chicago Central Area) came this letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like to join with your thousands of friends in Chicago in saying congratulations and best wishes on the beginning of your 50th year, not only as pastor of the People's Church, but more truly as pastor of the people of Chicago.

May you have continued good health and happiness in the years to come.

Sincerely,
Randall
Randall H. Cooper,
Executive Director

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER

(Broadcasts every day, Monday through Friday, over WFMF, 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.)

15—Arrived home
Worked in Study
Sick calls
Attended Choir Dinner at the home of Mr. Clyde Bassler and the Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler

17—Opening Service, 50th Year, Peoples Church.
Broadcast WLS
Sermon, Progressive Community Church, 56 E. 48th St.
Broadcast WCFL

18—Funeral

19—Worked in Study
Address. Evanston Borrowed Time Club

20—Address. Opening Woman's Club, Edgewater Golf Club

21—Funeral
Hospital Calls
Address. Opening Meeting, Friends of Literature, Art Institute

22—Address. Mid-West Region Boys Clubs' Directors. Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

23—Wedding
Made 15 records for WFMF

24—Sermon, Peoples Church, Broadcast WLS
Address. Greater Bethesda Baptist Church
Broadcast WCFL

25—Interviewed by Chicago Sun-Times
Meeting, Chicago Public Library Board

26—Worked in Study
Illustrated lecture, Men's Club, Peoples Church
Sick Call

27—Worked in Study
Attended Banquet for His Excellency, Dr. Don Manuel Prado, President of the Republic of Peru and Senora de Prado

28—Made records for Trojan Productions at United Recording Studios
Address. Columbia Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, Ravenswood Masonic Temple

29—Funeral
Board of Trustees Meeting, Peoples Church

30—Wedding

FUNERALS

13—Mr. Harold F. Johnson
18—Mrs. Nellie Ross
21—Mr. Walter E. Luehr
29—Mr. Ferdinand D. Fischer

WEDDINGS

9—Iris Gunda Sjoo and John Kolberg
30—Helen Lauher and A. G. Lyttle

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum, Opening November 5th, B'cast WEBH-FM..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall. There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. John E. Kolinen, Superintendent ..... 9:45 a.m.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first Sunday of the Month.
Watch church calendar for announcements or call SU 4-5173 ..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Monday, Nov. 13, Annual Donation Tea, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chrmn. Garen Bohlin tells you "How to Stay Young, Beautiful and Healthy." Admission by donation to the Bazaar. ..... 1:00 p.m.

Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16 and 17 until midnight,
Annual Peoples Church Bazaar. Dinners both evenings ..... 6:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Sunday, Nov. 12, Annual Donation Tea. Program presented by students of Miss Madeline Jacobsen, of Mendelssohn Conservatory; a varied, excellent program. Admission by donation to the Peoples Church Bazaar ..... 3:45 p.m.

Men's Club, Tuesday, November 28th. Watch church calendar for announcement.. 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course: first and third Tuesdays, Anderson Hall, the Rev. Ruth Ann Bassler, Leader. Starting Nov. 7, Book of Matthew..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, In Memoriam.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily.....10:00 a.m. and 10:00 p.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service.....11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday.....7:00 p.m.

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The Peoples Church is very grateful to Mr. William Gage of Magikist Services for their cooperation in sponsoring the broadcast of the Chicago Sunday Evening Forum over WEBH-FM; and for announcing our Sunday morning broadcast over WLS in their newspaper advertising.

The latest report from WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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